

The Children's Newspaper, June 27, 1942

THEY THAT TAKE THE SWORD

The planes over Germany will soon outnumber the greatest number of stars ever seen by a naked eye.

JUSTICE is knocking at the door; even the Nazis hear it, for its ministers come in thousands to their cities.

It is easy to lose faith in Justice in days like these, when the powers of darkness have marched triumphant through the world. Never has wickedness been so powerful in high places. Never has the cause of freedom been so menaced. Yet it is eternally true that the heavens are just and time suppresseth wrong. They are the words of Shakespeare and the fact of history.

It has been said that Might and Right govern everything in this world, and we may add from our own experience that Might governs till Right is ready. The truth is that Might is always ready first, for Right is so wrought into the nature of things that it feels secure and is ill prepared for its own defence. It is written in the skies for this generation that Right must make itself stronger than all the Might that can come against it.

Winged Chariots of Freedom

Waiting Justice sleeps, yet it wakes at last, and what a thrill it is that runs through all mankind as Justice rouses from its slumbers! How impressive it is to see the powers of evil slowing down and to feel the beating of the winged chariots of freedom. The long bitterness of frustration is ended. The light at the end of the tunnel grows brighter. Justice, "the hope of all who suffer, the dread of all who wrong," is on the way.

What is not lifted up, in thinking of the suffering of the world in these poignant days, to realise with an ever-deepening intensity that those who suffer have the glorious confidence of victory, and that those who have sought to overcome the world are doomed to destruction? All the world knows it at last. We knew it in this little island long ago, when with our children overseas we stood alone against the raging devilries of Nazidom, and now we have ranged with us every great free nation on the earth.

The spirit of Justice, for ever working in the world, has brought them to our side. As a seed grows into a mighty oak, building up its power in the world while men and nations pass, so the seed of Justice grows, building up liberty while despots come and go.

The Instrument of Justice

We do well to remember that it is not revenge that is pursuing the enslavers of Europe and the destroyers of humanity. We do not seek revenge. It is not vengeance that pursues the criminal who is tracked down at last. The judge who sends him to his doom has no feeling of cruelty or spite. He is restoring the balance of right and wrong. He is but the instrument of justice. He is crushing the seed which, if it were allowed to grow, would overthrow Society.

When a thousand messengers of the R A F pursue the tiger to his lair they are the great exemplars of human justice. We pray that God's Hand will stay the powers of evil and our prayer is answered. All mankind has seen the triumph of evil; all mankind shall now see its destruction. "Where the offence is, let the great axe fall." It was Krupps bombs which fell on Guernica, on Warsaw, on Belgrade, and on Rotterdam. Never from a few acres of earth was anguish and cruelty so widespread through the world.

Now it is on Krupps that Justice calls with a load of punishment greater than it can bear. It is the working of eternal laws, and it is good that all men should see and know how unerring, how inexorable, they are.

We have watched the bitter progress of these monsters. We have seen their crimes and heard their victims cry to heaven for justice. We have stood by helpless and menaced ourselves while they have marched victoriously, staining the earth with innocent blood and filling their pockets with ill-gotten gains. We have seen murder stalking abroad like a conqueror. We have seen a great nation fall to the level of the hyena and the ape, crowning criminals with honour, finding its heroes among assassins and thieves.

BUT at last our time has come. We can strike a blow as powerful as Germany's. We can put more planes in the sky than there are stars to see by night. We have built up the power to fight evil and to conquer it, and we know that there is nothing more just than to strike at the source of wrong. We shall not hesitate to perform the surgical operation necessary to get rid of the disease.

Mercy

Mercy, cries the voice that is for ever there when Justice must be done. Mercy, aye, mercy. We will be merciful by shortening the war in the least cruel way. In one of the very first English novels we read that Thwackum was for doing justice and leaving mercy to Heaven, but we will do justice to the evildoer with mercy to that countless host of old folk and little children whose lives they have crushed and starved, to that host of strong men whose strength they have broken, to those fair cities and villages they have burned down, to the orphans they have made, to the mothers they have robbed of their little ones and their men-folk, to the populations they have outraged and robbed, to all the high purposes and noble causes they have crucified throughout the earth.

YES, let there be mercy with justice. Let those who open the floodgates of evil be saved for evermore from bringing suffering on humanity and doom upon themselves. Let those who have fought and died to save mankind live for evermore as conquerors, for those who bring Justice to reign on earth, whether living or dying, are conquerors:

*He who battles on her side
God crowns him victor glorified.*

We are pledged to see that never again shall a nation glory in its evil power to wrong mankind. We are pledged to wipe out the iniquity of the Nazis, as they have sought to wipe out freedom and small nations. We are pledged to see that mankind shall never again be crucified upon a German cross. We are pledged to see that when this bitterness is ended Justice does not sleep again in the palaces of power, or in the courts of fear.

The world of our dreams is not too far off for us to be thinking of the glorious reward of all this suffering. It is within our grasp if we keep faith with those who died and those who live. If mankind had wished for what is right, said William Hazlitt, they might have had it long ago. Alas for those who did not wish it. The second chance of the world is coming with the swift hand of Justice. Let us pray that at last it will be seen that they that take the sword shall perish with the sword. It was said in olden time, and it is still the greatest hope we have. Arthur Mee

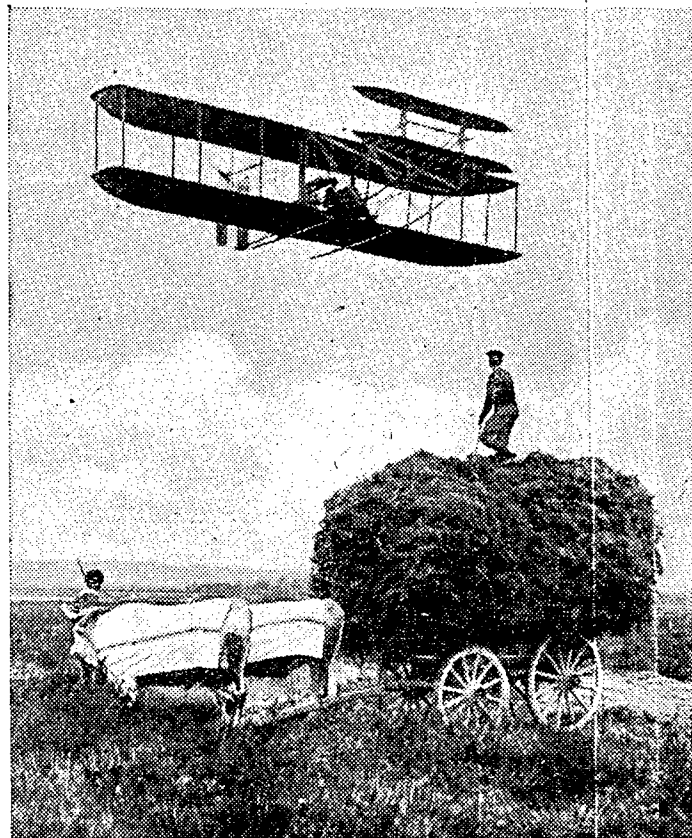
CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

No 1214
3d

POSTAGE
Inland 1d
Abroad 1d

EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

THIS WAS THE DAY THAT CHANGED THE WORLD



Just a generation ago Wilbur Wright was flying over hayfields in France and into the Pyrenees. A very quiet event it seemed, yet it was the day which changed the world and brought it to this. The Editor of the C N, who was there, wrote home that the machine came down like a feather on the breeze. "The great plane had grown beautiful before our eyes and rested without a tremor or a jolt; it was a thrilling and splendid and historic thing."



This is what has come of the great day pictured above; an RAF bomber arrives home with the rising sun

United Nations' Prayer

THE first United Nations Day, the Fourteenth of June, when the flags of all the free nations of the war flew in London, Washington, and Moscow, was memorable for a broadcast by President Roosevelt which he closed with this prayer, which had been written for this great and historic day.

God of the free, we pledge our hearts and lives today to the cause of all free mankind; grant us victory over tyrants who would enslave all free men and nations. Grant us the faith and understanding to cherish all those who fight for freedom as if they were our brothers. Grant us brotherhood in hope and union, not only for the space of this bitter war but for the days to come which shall and must unite all the children of the earth.

Our earth is but a small star in the great universe, yet of it we can make if we choose a planet untroubled by war, untroubled by hunger or fear, and undivided by senseless distinctions of race, colour, or theory. Grant us that courage and foreseeing to begin this task today, that our children and children's children may be proud of the name of man. The spirit of man has awakened, and the soul of man has gone forth. Grant us the wisdom and vision to comprehend the greatness of man's spirit that suffers and endures so hugely for a goal beyond his own brief span.

Grant us honour for our dead who died in the faith, honour for our living who work and strive for the faith, and redemption and security for all captive lands and peoples. Grant us patience with the deluded and pity for the betrayed. And grant us the skill and valour that shall cleanse the world of oppression and the old base doctrine that the strong must eat the weak because they are strong.

Yet most of all grant us brotherhood, not only for this day but for all our years—brotherhood not of words but of acts and deeds. We are all of us children of the earth: grant us that simple knowledge. If our brothers are oppressed, then we are oppressed. If they hunger, we hunger. Grant us common faith, that man shall know bread and peace—that he shall know justice, righteousness, freedom, and security, an equal opportunity and an equal chance to do his best, not only in our lands but throughout the world. And in that faith let us march toward the free world our hands can make. Amen.

A VERY GREAT EVENT

ALL over the world of free men the Alliance with Russia has been accepted as an event of the highest promise for war and for peace.

The Treaty makes both countries allies and friends for at least twenty years, pledges both nations never to make peace with the Hitlerites, and declares that they will, immediately after destroying the Nazi power, unite with other like-minded nations in preserving peace and resisting any attempt at aggression. Britain and Russia will hold themselves responsible for policing Europe in the years following the war, but it is intended to create an international organisation which will undertake the establishment of a Final Peace.

This time the Peace must endure, said Mr Eden at the signing of the Treaty, and Mr Molotov, who signed for Russia, declared that it would secure the

security and economic well-being of the peoples of Europe.

The Treaty was one of the most dramatic secrets of the war. Few people had any idea that the Russian Foreign Minister had come to this country, yet he was here for a week, flew to Washington and stayed some days with Mr Roosevelt, and came back to London.

So quietly came into being one of the most important treaties ever signed, providing for the ending of the period of suspicion between two great peoples, and for their cooperation in making the war worth while by establishing a just peace which will give the opportunity of happiness to all nations.

It was a happy thing that the treaty came just in time for United Nations Day, so that the free world flew the flags of 28 nations side by side with the consciousness of this new strength.

Japan is Doomed

THE sixth month of Japan's war in the Pacific is over, and it is good to take stock.

She began with a harvest of surprises, and victory heaped on victory. She caught America napping at Pearl Harbour; found a new stronghold in the Philippines; sank our two great battleships; captured Hong Kong, Singapore, and Rangoon; overran Burma and the Dutch East Indies; renewed her attacks on China and threatened India; and prepared to invade Australia.

Now she is approaching the limit of her victorious progress. She has flung out her lines of supply to immense distances needing her full strength, yet she has suffered blows which

weaken her power beyond the limit of safety.

The Americans have recovered their strength, and have struck blows from which Japan has suffered the loss of her supremacy, of her chief air-carriers, of scores of warships, and of her sense of mastery over the whole Pacific Ocean. The battles of Midway Island and the Coral Sea have more than avenged Pearl Harbour and the Philippines, and have lifted up the Allied Nations with the consciousness of the power of victory. America's new fleets are fast appearing on the waters, and it has become clear beyond the possibility of doubting that time is on the side of the Allies, and that Japan is doomed.

BUSY BRITAIN

We have increased our total output of war weapons by 100 per cent in the last 12 months; our output of aircraft by 100 per cent and our merchant shipping by 57 per cent as against the last quarter of 1940. We are now making big guns at the rate of 40,000 a year, with 257,000 tanks and other vehicles, and 25 million rounds of ammunition.

There is no business as usual in Britain. We have shut down luxury industries, and, because more than half of our food ships are now supplying and maintaining Allied armies throughout the world, every available acre has been turned into farmland. A field which had not been ploughed since 1066 is now yielding a fine crop.

We have 33 million people between 14 and 65, and 22 million of them are in the armed forces, civil defence, and war industry.

There are 13 million homes in Britain, and one in every five has either been damaged or destroyed by bombs.

Old King Coal

The Government has taken control of the kingdom of Old King Coal. By a Bill which has been approved by Parliament it has resolved to take possession of the mines for the duration of the war, establishing a National Control Board, controllers in each region, pit committees to assist the management, and a system for dealing with wages and conditions on a national basis.

It is hoped that the new plans, welcomed by owners and men alike, will be effective in helping forward coal production by smoothing out human troubles and bad conditions of working. It is proposed to control the allowance of coal to industry and to ration household consumption if necessary.

UNKNOWN HEROES

Two known heroes have received the V C for removing a bomb from a submarine at the risk of their lives; and two unknown heroes have given up their lives by deliberately walking to their death to serve their country. They were in the raid on St Nazaire dockyard, and persuaded a big party of German officers and technicians to go on board HMS Campbelltown, leading the way themselves, knowing that the vessel was about to blow up.

In the case of the submarine, two unexploded bombs lay between the outer and inner shell, and the two men crept through a narrow dark space to remove them, knowing that the bombs might explode and that the vessel might at any moment have to dive.

After 25 Years

A man called at Brompton Hospital with a gift of £10 from his mother in recognition of all the hospital did for her son 35 years ago.

The son who gave the money said they had not seen his brother for more than 25 years, and did not know whether he was alive or dead.

The hospital authorities looked up their records and were able to say that the missing son was in America and in good health. Thanks to the hospital, the brothers are now reunited.

Little News Reels

A woman at Swanley, finding a gold sovereign in her mother's old workbasket, has given it to the Red Cross.

A Worthing reader reminds us, in connection with the article we published on Threes, that God called Samuel not three times but five.

Boys have been striking at a pit because their sisters get £4 a week, while the boys get about half that.

A precious little bronze 350 years old, designed by Giovanni Bologna, has been found among scrap at Hampstead.

The R A F is being continually cheered by the sight of the Victory Sign flashed to them in the conquered countries.

At Liverpool Assizes Mr Justice Staple made stern comment on the existence of a system of graft and corruption of which "every citizen in Liverpool should be ashamed."

About 40,000 million biscuits have been consumed in the last twelve months in this country.

Bishop Gelsthorpe is not the Bishop of Khartoum, as we said the other day; he is the Assistant Bishop to Bishop Gwynne.

The head of the leper settlement at Sungei Buloh, in Malaya, refused to leave when the Japs overran the place.

Scout and Guide News Reel

MIDDLESEX Hospital is to name a bed after the 10th St Marylebone Rover Scouts crew in recognition of their services.

An industrialist has given £1000 to the B-P Memorial Fund, and a Wolf Cub has given sixpence.

A scout on traffic control duty after an air raid on Bath had to bar the way to his own headmaster.

Salvage collections by the Guides of Durham have raised £300 for the Red Cross.

Scouts of bombed Bristol who sent money for the relief of Malta Scouts received the reply: "Our Island Headquarters is flat, but spirits of all continue undaunted."

INTO THE JUNGLE

Dr William Beebe, who gave the world such wonderful photographs of life down in the sea, as seen from his deep-water diving-bell, has now gone to the jungles of Venezuela to solve some mysteries there.

He has chosen the rainy season, which is unpleasant for man and beast and salutary only for insects and reptiles, in order to answer the question where birds, mammals, and reptiles go in the dry season, when they disappear almost altogether from the haunts of men. He is now only on the threshold of his adventure, but has already encountered howling monkeys, tapirs, tigers, ferocious wild boars, coral snakes, poisonous snakes, anteaters, and sloths.

A Good Example

A little fellow in a Northern town visited by the King and Queen went home excitedly after the royal visit and, when asked if he had cheered the King, replied: "No, I didn't cheer; the King saluted me, so I just saluted him."

A mobile force of 600 builders, in ten flying squads, with food and sleeping accommodation, plant and materials, has been established by the Ministry of Works; it can arrive within a few hours in any bombed town or start any urgent job.

Dublin drapers closed for one day as a protest against clothes rationing.

THERE are said to be fifty million tons of coal within thirty feet of the surface in this country; 85 of these shallow sites are known, and about half are expected to be worked soon.

Germany has blotted out a whole Czech village, Lidice, near Kladno, shooting the men, imprisoning the women, and evacuating the children; and has erased the name of the village from all records.

The Commonwealth having imposed a uniform income tax in Australia, several of the States are contesting its right to do so in the Courts.

A lady in Buenos Aires has just sent £300 to the Lifeboat Institution in London, bringing her gifts during the war to £1000.

Half a century at one firm is said to be rare in the building trade, but it has just been completed by a Bury slater, Mr John Crabtree.

Guides gave very valuable help in many ways after the raids on Canterbury, Bath, Norwich, and Ezeeter.

SCOUT WILFRED THORPE, 13, has been awarded the Scout Silver Cross for rescuing a boy from the River Don.

THINGS SEEN

The King's lawn covered with white daisies.

A black redstart singing on a roof near St Paul's Cathedral.

Thousands of cauliflowers wasting in a Yorkshire field because the farmer had no petrol to take them to the market.

A Tale of Dutch Harbour

Dutch Harbour, in the chain of the Aleutian Islands, now in the news, has witnessed no Asiatic invasion for 2000 years. Then, according to the patient researches of a Canadian anthropologist, Dr Diamond Jenness, the Athapascans came from Asia to Alaska by way of the islands. They chased the Eskimos from the Mackenzie River Basin all the way to the north-east coast of Canada and then to Greenland. From these Eskimos descended the Algonquin Indians who met the first British settlers on the Atlantic seaboard.

STORY

A public man was the other day recalling a story of one of the raids on London, when Mr Churchill was visiting the ruins, still burning. An old lady greeted him.

Prime Minister: How do you feel after this night of horror?

Old Lady: Well, there's one thing about these raids—they do take your mind off the war.

The Gorilla Draws His Shadow

At the Zoo was a young gorilla from Africa whom few can have suspected of being an artist. But Dr Julian Huxley now recalls a singular episode in his career.

One day Dr Huxley and another witness saw Meng (the name given to the ape) looking at his own silhouette, cast by a strong light on the wall of his den. Meng approached it and traced its outline with his forepaw. If he had had a bit of charcoal he would have made just such a drawing of an ape as that which the primitive men

of Africa have left on the rocks where they dwelt.

Dr Huxley adds that Meng never repeated this exploit, though efforts were made to draw his attention to his shadow image thrown on the wall by electric light. But he suggests that in this way the imitative Early African Man of the Stone Age learnt how to draw rock pictures; and possibly inherited the knack from an unknown anthropoid ancestor. He asks for further information.

It is clearly a matter for the Brains Trust.

SHORTER CHILDREN

The School Medical Officer of Sheffield, Dr H. M. Cohen, is reported to believe that nutrition among the city's school children has become somewhat inferior to that of 1941, and he thinks it probable that a reduction in the average size of children will ensue. He seems to be satisfied with the supply of energy, but speaks of a shortage of powerful body-building foods. He looks to school meals for remedy, and urges the value of milk for growing children.

How Many to a Commando?

The reference in the C N to Francis Drake as "a Commando" has prompted a correspondent to remind us that it is not strictly correct to refer to one man as a Commando.

The word first became familiar during the Boer War, and meant a party of armed South African Dutch burghers doing military service. It is therefore a collective noun, and there is no more justification for calling an individual a Commando than for calling him a squadron or a crew. We probably owe its adoption by our modern Special

Service Troops to the Prime Minister, with his genius for the right word. It was Mr Churchill who translated the uninspired title of Local Defence Volunteers into the Home Guard, and perhaps when he is not so busy he may be able to decide for us whether Commando should mean one or many or both!

However, this little matter is merely a bone for philologists to gnaw; popular usage quickly settled the problem, and it will give no headaches to the editors of future dictionaries. In any case, the Nazis have learned that any stalwart member of the Commando (with or without an s) is a host in himself, and therefore entitled to be regarded as plural. It is all very singular.

SWITCHING ON THE GUIDE

Three museums and art galleries in America have been equipped with loudspeakers so that visitors can hear recorded lectures or descriptions of the exhibits.

In a gallery at St Paul visitors can switch on the explanatory record when they wish. At Worcester in Massachusetts the sound mechanism is started and lights are automatically switched on when visitors pause in front of a picture. At Baltimore the loudspeakers and wiring have been installed in the ventilating system, so that fresh air, lectures, and music all come from the same apertures!

CONCRETE SLEEPERS

The extreme shortage of timber and steel has led to the introduction of concrete sleepers for the Southern Railway. The new sleepers are short to save material; full-length sleepers being used at intervals. It is probable that these concrete sleepers have come to stay, for they will outwear wooden ones and are perfectly sound in principle.

THE RED MAN'S POISON

Give a poison right treatment and it may be reformed into a remedy. This has happened to that virulent South American poison called curare, with which, as many a thrilling tale has told, the Red Indians poisoned the points of their arrows. Tube curare, which is its proper name, is extracted by the American Indians from a vine growing in the valleys of the upper Amazon and Orinoco, and has the deadly effects so often attributed to it. It is a paralysing nerve poison, but a Dutch physician, Dr Winterstein, who has recovered it in crystalline form and found a very lengthy formula of hydrogen, oxygen, carbon, nitrogen, and chlorine for it, says it can be employed beneficially in many cases of shock, and, so far from paralysing, it relaxes tightened muscles.

A Sparrow Story

MOTHER SPARROW may have known from past experience that Master Thomas the cat was usually prowling around the house. Anyway, when one of her new-fledged offspring ambled into the garden, she quickly joined it in a state of much concern, as if afraid of what might happen if it stayed put.

Hovering fussily around the weak and staggered mite, the anxious parent endeavoured to coax it to safety, but the wayward youngster was obstinate and,

chirping hungrily, remained in a state of helplessness for some minutes, squatting unsteadily on the ground.

In sheer desperation the harassed mother flew off, returning presently with a tasty bit which she dangled from her beak like a bait in front of the little truant.

Then, still holding the tempting tit-bit, Mother Sparrow darted away and the simple ruse achieved its purpose, for the baby followed her.

LADY OF BABYLON

Not all news from the Middle East is of war.

From Baghdad comes a description of a grave in which a Sumerian lady has been seen buried with all her finery 5000 years ago. She was a lady of fashion, and went to her final rest complete with necklace, copper earrings, bracelet, and belt of beads. Eating and drinking vessels fashioned from copper and clay also accompanied her, and, as a lady must always look her best, even on a voyage to the unknown, copper hairpins and cockle-shells with eye-black were close at hand. So we see that cosmetics are no new thing, and that human vanity is half as old as time.

THE WONDERFUL BEACH

From Libya comes this cheery tale of the Scotsman who appeared on his first morning parade in the desert in a bathing costume. The sergeant was too surprised to be angry, and in what sounded almost kindly tones he said:

"What is the idea, my man?"

"Going for a bathe," was the reply.

"But don't you know the sea is fifty miles from here?" said the sergeant.

"Goodness!" exclaimed the Scotsman. "What a wonderful beach you've got!"

DID YOU EVER?

There is a disappointed farmer in Lakeland this summer. When springtime came he set to work with horse and plough to prepare a pasture field for a crop of seeding grass hay. He sowed his seed and waited to view the land.

But with the coming of brighter and more kindly days he became alarmed. The crop did not look right. He was sure of it, and so were his neighbours. There, near Dunnalut, only a little way from Ullswater, something mysterious was happening, for instead of hay or wheat or barley or oats, up was springing a wonderful harvest of pansies.

It seems that the seed was wrongly labelled.

MALTA THE BRAVE

The people of Malta have wonderfully proved their loyalty, but it is not a mere product of the war.

Still unscarred in the midst of all the ruin in Valetta stands a monument in Maltese marble, surmounted by the lion and the unicorn. The date is 1814, and the inscription runs, in Latin:

To great and invincible Britain the voice of Europe and the love of the Maltese confirm these islands.

For years before the war Italy did her best to lead the Maltese astray, but without success; our presence there is firmly rooted in the love of the people.

All in a Second

GROWN-UPS who are still able to profit by domestic help may draw a moral from the following incident, which occurred recently in a London house.

The kitchen clock having been wound up and replaced overnight on the mantelpiece, the housekeeper found next morning that a spider had spun a web from the top of the clock to a hot-water pipe, four feet away. "Now," said she, "had that web been seen by a mistress who does not understand spiders, would she not have thought me an untidy woman who had not dusted

the mantelpiece for weeks?" The master of the house was able to reassure her with the story of a spider which, on the very day the spring cleaning of a drawing-room had been completed, cheerfully spun its web from a picture frame to a pedestal six feet away, whence it waved in the breeze at tea-time.

For a spider to spin and leave a strand of web floating is the work of a second; it can weave that most intricate of structures, the great orb web, in less than an hour.

ALI BABA IDEA IN HOLLAND

In the story of Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves we remember that Morgiana, the slave girl, noticed a mysterious cross in red chalk on her master's door. So she marked all the other doors in the street in exactly the same way.

Now the Nazis in Holland have ordered all Jews to wear a yellow star as a badge of nationality. So Radio Orange, broadcast from London, a suggestion that the Dutch themselves should also wear the yellow star, and the idea was taken up with enthusiasm, to the rage of the Nazis.

SEEING & HEARING

The connection between the senses has always been an open question, and it is very difficult to express perceptions in one sense in terms of another.

The story is being told of a man who has been given his sight, and was struck by seeing, for the first time, a massed bed of scarlet geraniums. It seemed to him "like nothing so much as the blast of a trumpet."

WOOD OR STEEL?

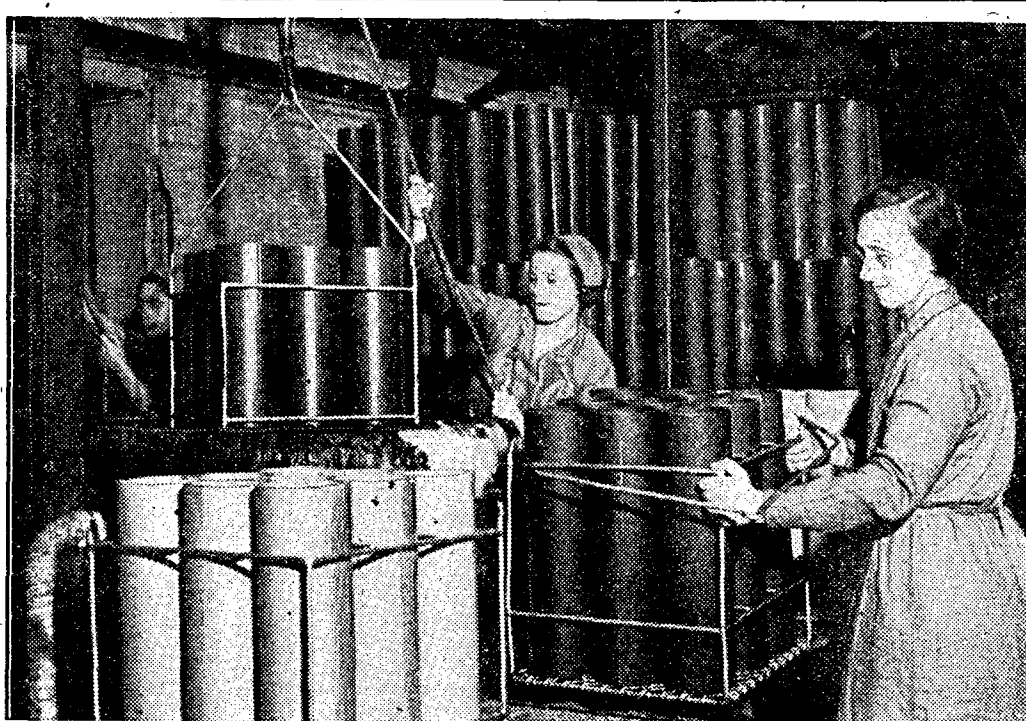
DEAR EDITOR,—Your paragraph in the C N on the boy who gave his life for coal prompts me to hand on this opinion of some coal miners; you may already be aware of it.

In conversation with an official recently the man said that miners prefer wooden props to steel ones, because, in case of danger, the crack of a wooden prop warns the men; a steel one just bends. I confess that in my ignorance I had imagined that steel props would be better because stronger.

You may be able to plant that idea in some useful quarter.

JOHN FIRTH,

Vicar of St Mary's, Halifax.



Scraps of Paper

Ammunition containers made from waste paper being lowered into a waxing vat in a London factory. It is a simple matter to save every scrap of paper that can be spared, but its importance as a contribution to the war effort cannot be overstated.

The EDITOR'S TABLE

TOO MUCH LONDON

MANY people have felt for a long time that the concentration of industry in London has been a growing evil, and the war has proved them right.

The question has come up again in connection with the vegetable problem; for London has become the chief centre of distribution. Nothing is more ridiculous than that people in a country village should have to come to London to buy a cabbage grown on their own farms, yet it has been so, and is so.

Quite clearly this tyranny of London must be broken down as we are breaking down all the other tyrannies which stand in the way of perfect freedom.

Profitable Rubbish

I DO not know of any astrologer who is an observer of the stars; nor do I know any serious observer of the stars who is an astrologer. Astrology is rubbish, but because of human credulity, and the profit to be made out of it, astrology continues to flourish.

The Astronomer Royal,
Dr Spencer Jones

Why the Microphone?

It must have seemed amusing to many of those present at a recent conference to see the bother a speaker had with the microphone. Some of those present must surely have wondered why the microphone is always used at these functions.

It is, of course, part of the mechanisation of life which nothing seems able to hold in check. There is no need whatever of the microphone half the time. Everybody over fifty knows that it is perfectly possible to have great meetings without this modern intervener. All the great meetings of the last generation managed very well without it. John Bright and Mr Gladstone and General Booth made thousands hear from the platforms without the help of this little black wonder-box.

Why it should be thought necessary to instal it on every occasion, merely to reach the end of the hall, is a constant mystery which we have never seen explained.

Under the Editor's Table

No more prams are to be sold by auction. But hoods can still be put up.

HOUSEWIVES help to win the war. Have sweeping victories.

A CERTAIN family can trace its descent to the 11th century. And does not think it a come-down.

PENCILS are now controlled. Some artists we know don't seem able to control theirs.

Peter Puck
Wants to Know



If clothes rationing will make all things uniform

A MAN says a lot of work falls on him. He should get out of the way.

THE German Army trains men for Africa in hot-houses. So that they won't get cold feet.

THE Board of Trade is going to take action to save the small shop-keeper. More economy.

CHILDREN are to be taught First Aid. Mostly they do help themselves.

Things That Abide

A LITTLE while ago the writer had occasion to see many ordinary men and women in order that they might tell him what life was like when they were children 70, 80, 90 years ago.

There was the old blue-jerseyed Cornish fisherman; the dark-skinned gypsy on the downs; the big and burly blacksmith in a half-forgotten village; the gloomy-faced butler of ancient lineage; the dear little lady whose father kept the toll-house on the turnpike road; the ferryman, the shopkeeper, the coachman, the tailor, and the miner. Wistfully did they look back over the gates of yesterday, and then begin, "Now, when I was a child..."

No two stories were alike. Each had a history which no other could tell; the only thing all agreed about was that everything had changed.

I went down to the farm and saw the old farmer who had lived in the ancient homestead all his life—"85 years come Michaelmas." Under his great brown hands the crops of 60 years and more had been tilled and harvested. Yes, he'd seen many changes. Once oxen ploughed in the fields; once men worked for twelve shillings a week. "Is there anything that hasn't changed?" the writer asked.

"Even down here on the farm everything has changed," was the answer. "Yes, everything except the good brown earth, the green grass, the flowers, the trees, the singing

of birds, the seasons—Spring, Summer, Autumn, Winter! Why, they're the same as when I was a boy!"

Therein, surely, lies one of the greatest truths of life—that in a world of change, in a world where habits, customs, and manners are for ever being transformed, Nature and the gifts of God remain unaltered.

OUT on the wild, bleak Cornish moors was a charming old lady. Over 90 she was, with bent back and gnarled, toil-worn hands. She told of the handicaps of her youth, the penury, lack of education, hard times, and of going to farm service at the age of nine.

But even in that lonely wind-swept cottage home she, too, knew of the changes that had come as the years slipped by.

"Is there anything that hasn't changed?" she was asked, and a peaceful look of radiant conviction crept into her tired brown eyes. "Yes," she said softly. "The goodness of God; His never-failing mercy; His wonderful kindness. I found Him when I was in the Sunday School and He's been with me all the years. In sickness and health, in sorrow and joy, in youth and old age, He's been my constant Companion along life's way, and He's never let me down!"

THAT was her glad testimony, and of this we, too, can be assured, that in an ever-changing world where so often friend turns to foe is One who never changes, the same yesterday, today and for ever; and that His gifts abide.

IS THERE LESS SMOKING?

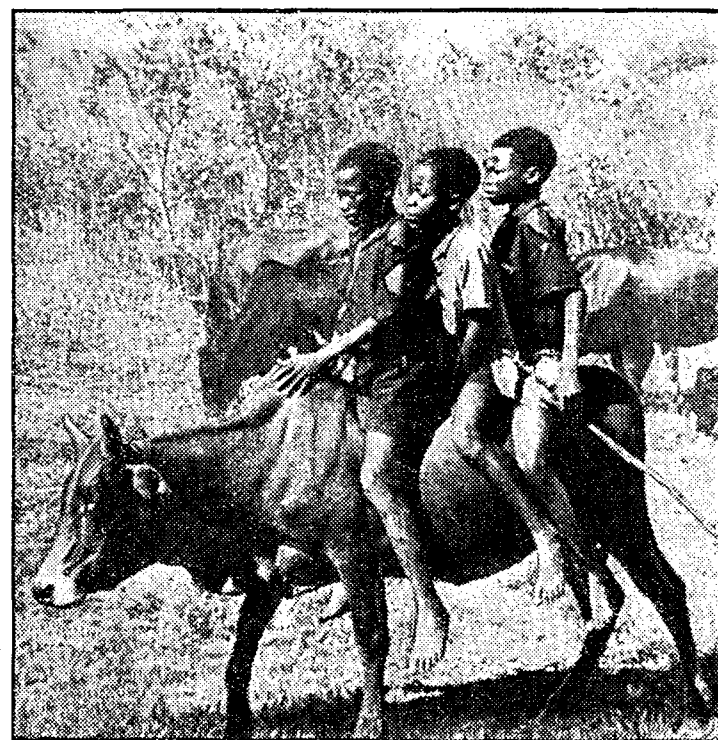
It is reported that the higher price of tobacco and cigarettes, caused by the Budget, has led to a very definite decrease in smoking. It was hoped both by the Chancellor of the Exchequer and the trade that any fall in sales caused by the new taxes would be merely temporary, but it seems that this optimism mistook the market.

A penny as the price of a cigarette proved too high for many, and sales have dropped by about 15 per cent.

We confess we should frankly rejoice to think that a habit which is so wasteful and has become a public nuisance on the railways and in restaurants should be reduced by taxation, and we hope the Chancellor will not alter his tax. There is, of course, no grievance in the matter, and we hope the higher prices will induce at least young people to stop smoking before custom has inured them to a most unfortunate vice which is as bad for the body as it is for the pocket. It is, of course, quite simple to save the amount of the new tax, and more; we have only to get rid of a bad habit to add to our income while improving our health.

JUST AN IDEA

That is a fine idea in a new book by a foreign writer: "Bread for myself is a material question; bread for my neighbour is a spiritual question."



A Ride in Africa

Three boys of Nyasaland take the easy way in making the round of their herds

Matchless Days Long Ago

GRANDPARENTS may feel their youth returning as they see once more in the shops the thin wooden spills with which they were familiar in days gone by, when matches were few and costly and bad, and they bought wooden spills as an alternative.

Earlier, in the days of Oliver Goldsmith, such spills or chips were hawked about the streets and were called matches. Oliver tells us in one of his essays how the Man in Black (whose actions were often really his own), giving a shilling to a poor sailor, was astonished to receive the entire stock of matches the man was selling. Affecting to scorn the giving of doles to these men, the Man in Black declares that he has made an amazing bargain, for he will save a fortune by using his matches instead of pushing the tallow candles into the fire to light them.

Alas, a destitute woman and her children next arouse his pity, and, having given away all his money, he hands to the mother the entire stock of matches over which he has been gloating so expectantly.

When we hear of peat fires kept always burning in the North we may suspect that they originated in a chronic scarcity of matches. Such indeed was the case with the Greens, owners of a tiny poverty-stricken hill-side farm at Grasmere in the days of the Wordsworths. Of coal they had none, and wood they could not afford; but they had peat on the farm, and this they dug, dried, and burnt, keeping the fire going day and night, winter and summer, owing to the fact that, having neither matches nor tinder-box, they could not have relit it had they let it die out.

The Great Army of Girls

ONE of the outstanding things of the war years has been the rise of the A.T.C., and there is hardly a town in the land without its boys in the familiar blue of the Air Training Corps.

The A.T.C. is run by a Service Department, and while there is no organisation for girls run on similar lines, the sisters of the A.T.C. boys have not been slow in showing that they are every bit as keen as their brothers. All over the country there are being formed new units of the Girls' Training Corps or the Women's Junior Air Corps. Both of these splendid corps are voluntary organisations, and although the training they give will be found helpful when girls reach the age for joining one of the Women's Services, they are not bound to do so.

The Girls' Training Corps is for girls from 16 to 18, has now about 500 units, and expects soon to reach the thousand mark. Its members have physical training, drill, First Aid, and among

numerous other subjects are instruction in Civil Defence and preparation for the Land Army.

The Women's Junior Air Corps is for girls between 14 and 20 and, as the title suggests, it is interested in matters connected with the air, in addition to a more general training. There are already 260 units, representing 30,000 girls, and more are being formed every month. The type of instruction varies in different units, but among subjects taught are Morse code and signalling generally, the study of electricity, meteorology, aircraft recognition, elementary aircraft design, the care of motor and aero engines, and so on.

In both organisations the first object is to train girls in good citizenship. If you are unable to find your local unit write for particulars to the National Association of Girls' Training Corps, 46 Victoria Street, London, SW1 or The Women's Junior Air Corps, 19 Berkeley Street, London, W1.

C N FRONT PAGE

Warm Welcome to Its Reprinting in Book Form

The reprinting of the *C N Front Page* in book form has been a great success, first with *Nineteen-Forty* and now with *Immortal Dawn*, covering 1941. Both volumes are published at five shillings by Hodder & Stoughton, and may be obtained as long as the supply of paper holds out. We take these opinions from the chorus of welcome given to the new volume, *Immortal Dawn*.

Those who have known where to look for optimism in these heart-searching days have found it without fail in Arthur Mee's *Children's Newspaper*, a journal loved by many thousands who, having grown up with it, still regard it as the most cheerful picture of mankind on the march to better things.

No journalist writes with more abounding energy than he to keep before his readers an inspiring picture of mankind on the march to better things.

Writing thus for over 50 years, Arthur Mee has long been one of those incalculable forces that inform and direct the British way of life. His purpose is to inspire, and he succeeds invariably because he is himself inspired. To the challenge of the war's events he rises with an emotional integrity and a moral force that are not to be denied, and in a manner grown rare among writers he puts the whole man—the incorruptible optimist—into every page of his alert and vigorous prose.

This is a book that expresses the best of all that we mean when we speak of the spirit of Britain.

The Optimist, writing throughout 1941, is flawlessly confident of taking part in a war against evil, serving the invincible purpose of good. He believes that such warfare, with all its suffering, is better than a lifetime of peace.

A SEQUEL to the author's *Nineteen-Forty—Our Finest Hour*. Those who were stirred by Mr Mee's earlier work will respond in the same way to the ringing notes of its successor. It is a war book of a unique kind. Every page bears witness to the deep spiritual convictions of the author in which his confidence is securely grounded.

Daily Telegraph

ESSAYS about the war? Any glib brain can turn them out. But Arthur Mee's is one of the sublimer minds; he is an idealist in the sense that the great poets

were, gifted to look straight through ugliness and horror to where a tiny flame of beauty flickers. His faith in the best to come is unshakeable. And, of course, he is a master of the tongue that Shakespeare spoke and can give his words the strength of swords and the sweetness of flowers. He charms you and cheers you and then toughens you like a fellow Crusader. This is a book to keep and to read again when our tragic dreams are past and future generations are asking how and why it happened so.

British Weekly

No journalist has done more to inspire and lead forth and set its face towards noble destiny than Mr Mee. The whole survey is stimulating to the mind and spirit. Nottingham Journal

EXCELLENT, and likely to do a great deal of good.

Dr G. C. Williamson

ARTHUR MEE has given us a gripping idea of what we are passing through, but he does not overlook the certainty of happier times to come. He has the gift of putting into words spiritual cheerfulness begotten of his religious belief. Kentish Express

A MOVING feat of eloquence reminiscent of the great Victorians. Boston Guardian

LIKE its much-praised predecessor *Nineteen-Forty*, *Immortal Dawn* comes with a message of hope and good cheer.

Aberdeen Press and Journal

HE draws the sword for the cause he knows to be right, so that if any reader harbours misgivings his mind will be set at rest. Kentish Times

A VOLUME to cheer the down-hearted and to encourage us all. Church of England Newspaper

A RECORD of the temper in which Christian man looks out at the world today, and most readers will find something infectious in its abounding hopefulness. Christian World

The Brave Man of Canterbury

DURING the fires which raged after the first reprisal raid on Canterbury, an elderly man living in a cottage in one of the city's narrow lanes was advised to leave the shelter in which he and his neighbours were taking cover, as the lane itself was burning. As they hurried between the blazing buildings, this man remembered that a cart-horse was stabled behind a public-house at one end of the lane. He returned, entered the stable, and freed the horse, only to find that the door was now well alight and that return to the lane

was impossible. He remembered another door which led to the back of the house, and, calming the frightened horse, he led it by this door into the kitchen, along a narrow passage, through the public bar, and into the street.

His heroism has been unsung, for it was only one of many cases of quiet gallantry reported that night, and the man's only comment afterwards was, "I couldn't leave him to burn."

The Nazis would not understand; certainly the Italians with their cat-pits and their bird-nets would be baffled. If they did understand the spirit of the brave man they would realise how futile their savage raids on open towns are.

A Patriot and His WASTE-PAPER Are Soon Parted

CARRY ON

Bright Over Europe Fell Her Golden Hair

WHEN Letty had scarce passed her third glad year, And her young artless words began to flow, One day we gave the child a coloured sphere Of the wide earth, that she might mark and know, By tint and outline, all its sea and land. She patted all the world; old empires peeped Between her baby fingers; her soft hand Was welcome at all frontiers. How she leaped And laughed and prattled in her world-wide bliss: But when we turned her sweet unlearned eye On our own isle she raised a joyous cry: Oh! yes, I see it, Letty's home is there! And, while she hid all England with a kiss, Bright over Europe fell her golden hair.

Charles Tennyson Turner

UNDER ONE FLAG

"I TRUST you will honour me with your company," said Sherlock Holmes; "it is always a joy to me to meet an American, Mr Moulton, for I am one of those who believe that the folly of a monarch and the blundering of a minister in far-gone years will not prevent our children from being some day citizens of the same worldwide country under a flag which shall be a quartering of the Union Jack with the Stars and Stripes."

From Sherlock Holmes, by Conan Doyle

God Guard Thee

WHEN sun rays crown thy pine-clad hills, And Summer spreads her hand, When silvern voices tune thy rills, We love thee, smiling land.

When blinding storm gusts fret thy shore And wild waves lash thy strand, Though spin drift swirl and tempest roar, We love thee, windswept land.

When spreads thy cloak of shimmering white At Winter's stern command, Through shortened day and starlit night, We love thee, frozen land.

As loved our fathers, so we love; Where once they stood we stand; Their prayer we raise to heaven above; God guard thee, Newfoundland.

Sir Cavendish Boyle

The Fruit of Long Years

THE constitution of England is not a paper constitution. It is an aggregate of institutions, many of them founded merely upon prescription, some of them fortified by muniments, but all of them the fruit and experience of an ancient and illustrious people.

Lord Beaconsfield

The Slave to His Master

In the Festival of Saturn the slave of ancient Rome might do as he pleased, for all were equal during Saturnalia. Here the poet Horace makes a slave talk to his master freely in those days of privilege.

You praise the fortune and the manners of men of old, and yet, if on a sudden some god were for taking you back to those days, you would refuse. What if you are found to be a greater fool even than I, who cost you five hundred drachmas?

Are you my master, you, a slave to the dominion of so many men and things—you whom the praetor's rod, though placed on your head three or four times over, never frees from base terror? Why, you who lord it over me are the wretched slave of another master, and you are moved like a wooden puppet by wires that others pull.

Who, then, is free? The wise man who is lord over himself,

whom neither poverty nor death nor bonds affright, who bravely defies his passions, and scorns ambition, who in himself is a whole, smoothed and rounded, so that nothing from outside can rest on the polished surface, and against whom Fortune in her onset is ever maimed.

Of these traits can you recognise any one as your own? You cannot, for you have a master, and no gentle one, plaguing your soul, pricking your weary side with the sharp spur, and driving you on against your will.

If I am tempted by a smoking pasty, I am a good-for-naught, but you—does your heroic virtue defy rich suppers?

And you cannot bear to be in your own company, you cannot employ your leisure aright, you shun yourself, a runaway, a vagabond, seeking now with wind and now with sleep to baffle Care. In vain: that black consort dogs you and follows your flight.

To the Flying Wheel of Time

WHEN I was young the days were long, Oh, long the days when I was young; So long from morn to evenfall As they would never end at all.

Now I grow old Time flies, alas, I watch the years and seasons pass. Time turns him with his fingers thin A wheel that whirls while it doth spin.

There is no time to take one's ease, Or to sit still and be at peace; Oh, whirling wheel of Time, be still, Let me be quiet if you will.

Yet still it turns so giddily, So fast the years and seasons fly, Dazed with the noise and speed I run And stay me on the Changeless One.

I stay myself on Him who stays Ever the same through nights and days: The One Unchangeable for aye, That was and will be: the one Stay, O'er whom Eternity will pass But as an image in a glass...

Oh, wheel of Time, turn round apace! But I have found a resting-place. You will not trouble me again In the great Peace where I attain. Katherine Tynan

GOD'S AUTOGRAPH

EVERY rose is an autograph from the hand of the Almighty God on this world about us. He has inscribed His thoughts in these marvellous hieroglyphics which sense and science have been these many thousand years seeking to understand. Theodore Parker

ONE STEP AT A TIME

ONE may walk over the highest mountain, one step at a time. We want men who can see all around and take a step forward. Each new achievement is but a point to encamp at for one night only—the next morning to wake early and climb. John Wanamaker



THIS ENGLAND Old houses in a picturesque street at Sutton Valence in Kent

He Made America Sing

IN a little Massachusetts town 150 years ago a boy was born whom America is remembering today as the man who made her sing. His choruses, songs, and hymns have been sung across the continent in countless halls, churches, and homes.

His name is Lowell Mason, and he started life as a bank-clerk and began to write tunes in those days when America had hardly any music in her national life.

Congregational singing in the New World had fallen into the doldrums. Books with music in them were scarce. "Singable" hymns were scarcer. Old psalm tunes were proving monotonous, unsuited to new conditions, and the "sweet singing" of the Pilgrims had long been forgotten. It is said that when Lowell Mason began to teach America to sing, only one person in ten in a church congregation could sing a tune.

A Musical Awakening

Gradually, however, what came to be a musical awakening began to stir in New England. From across the seas the beautiful hymns of Isaac Watts and others were brought, and people gathering to learn them formed "singing schools." These spread rapidly among the young church people, who welcomed the social contacts they provided.

Lowell Mason's first notable musical connections in Boston were as President of the still famous Handel and Haydn Society there, which earlier had published under its name his first collection of music. But it was as if, wherever he lived and worked, he could not help leading choirs, serving as organist in a church or two, and encouraging group singing. In Boston he soon became widely active in these additional ways. In 1832, with a group of friends, he founded the Boston Academy of Music.

Then he began with the schools. His work won the ap-

proval of the Boston School Board, and in 1838 he was appointed director of school music. The millions of singing children in the public schools of the United States today began with that little group at the old Howe School in Boston who first faced one who believed music was for the people.

Today there are churches famous for their rich and beautiful music, their whole-hearted congregational singing. The public school choruses, glee clubs and choirs which grew out of that life-work of the young bank-clerk have widened to include high school bands and orchestras, college musical clubs, inter-school music festivals, and music camps.

One of Lowell Mason's most famous tunes all the world sings is Bethany, the setting for the famous English hymn Nearer my God to Thee. One day in Boston he met Ray Palmer, a young American who showed him a poem he had written. Mason set it to music and now it is a hymn found in all Christian hymn books. My faith looks up to Thee.

UPSIDE DOWN

The story of one of the most daring things done in the war comes from the Far East.

After making a low-level bombing attack one of our planes was damaged in such a way that the bomb doors underneath would not close. This caused friction, and friction meant delay.

So two of the crew were lowered out of the plane, and there, with the wind rushing by at tremendous speed, hanging head downwards, they succeeded in closing the bomb doors.

Cat & Dog Tales

FROM A CORRESPONDENT

TINKER was an expert mouser, and naturally wished her offspring to be the same. One day she was busy instructing the kitten in how to deal with a live mouse, pushing it back in front of the kitten every time it tried to get away. Hearing a noise of someone coming, she averted her gaze for a second, and during that time the mouse made good its escape. Tinker was so annoyed when she discovered what had happened that she rushed up to the kitten and soundly cuffed him on the head!

I TAUGHT my little thoroughbred fox terrier, Bill, to beg, and he did it thoroughly. All day long he was begging for something. Stiff as a ramrod, he would sit by the gas stove if he wanted something to eat, or by the door if he wanted to go out, or by his master's knee if he felt like a game or a walk. He knew he could always get what he wanted if he asked for it nicely. But I think he rather overdid it one day when sitting upright in the middle of the road begging for the bone his doggy friend, Snap, had stolen from him and was enjoying at his side! At least he was asking like a little gentleman for the return of his own, but there was no response from Snap.

Those Expected Tomatoes

Plants, like human beings and other animals, need the variation of temperature that they get in natural conditions. Living in a greenhouse may be no better for a tomato than it would be for Tommy and Joan, and in some plant experiments this has been shown by Professor Fritz Wendt to be the fact. He grew one set of tomato plants in a greenhouse at a continuous temperature of 79 degrees. They grew and bloomed but did not set fruit. Then he dropped the temperature at night to 50 degrees, and the tomatoes fruited abundantly.

Here is a hint to amateur gardeners who hope to produce a bumper crop of tomatoes this year.

BLACKOUT IDEAS

Having recognised the importance of the Blackout, our American allies have set their inventors to work to find means of making it less irksome. One of the inventions is a blackout bulb which, unlike ours, is black instead of blue but has at the bottom an orange-coloured button about the size of a shilling. This lets out enough light to allow the occupants of a room to see one another and avoid falling over the furniture, but is a sufficient substitute for blackout curtains.

Another device is the polaroid goggles, which allow very little light to stimulate the larger portion of the eye's retina, and direct it to just that part of it which becomes most readily adapted to darkness. These goggles come nearest to enabling either an airman or the man in the street to "see in the dark."

STELLAR GLORIES OF ARGO

Canopus the Colossus of the Heavens

VENUS and Saturn, writes the C.N. Astronomer, will appear very close to each other in the early morning sky during next week, when Venus, much the brighter, may be seen to be a little way to the right of Saturn; they will appear at their closest on Saturday morning, July 4, when they will seem almost to touch. Glasses will therefore be desirable to show them effectively, and Saturn distinctly, in the early dawn.

Both planets rise soon after 4 a.m. but will be seen best from half-an-hour to one hour later, when they are sufficiently high above the eastern horizon and before the rising dawn obliterates Saturn. After July 4, Venus will appear to separate from Saturn and to travel away to his left. Though apparently so near to one another, actually over 700 million miles separate them, Venus being very much nearer to us than to Saturn.

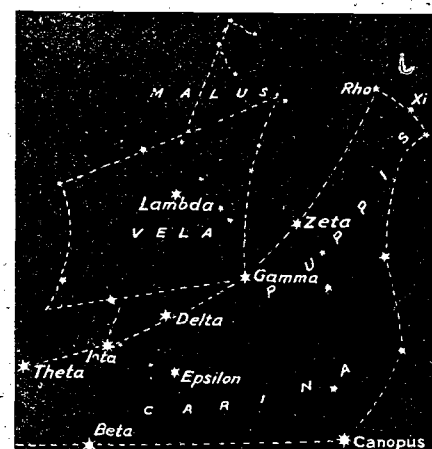
Argo, the constellation of the Ark or great celestial Ship, which dates from the earliest historic times, was considered traditionally in the C.N. for June 13. Astronomically, this grand congregation of stars outshines Orion in the superb glory of its celestial magnificence. The eye sees this at its best from Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa. Our Empire being beneath it much more than any other land, this great Ship of the heavens might well symbolise Britannia's Ship which is now so well known on our halfpennies and is precisely the type used by the great astronomer Halley in his rendering of Argo.

Argo's most brilliant stars as seen from our tiny Earth are shown in the star map, which suggests roughly the four existing parts of the ship—Carina, Puppis, Vela, and Malus. These stars appear more brilliant because they are much nearer than the myriads beyond. Indeed, the photographic camera behind the great lens of a powerful telescope reveals at least a million stars for every one the unaided eye can perceive; and still there are more beyond.

A Massive Sun

Let us consider a few of the relatively near stars of Argo. One, at a distance of some 650 light-years, is the colossal Canopus which has for many decades been appropriately represented by one of the finest ships of Britain's Navy. Canopus is the greatest stellar wonder of the heavens; its immensity can be estimated from the fact that it radiates something like 80,000 times more light and heat than our Sun. No other known sun approaches this in massiveness and energy-producing power; its spectrum, of the F type, indicates a massiveness unusual in giant suns, which are, as a rule, exceedingly gaseous, and rarefied in proportion to their size and mass. Canopus therefore, appears to be a veritable super-giant. Only Sirius exceeds it in apparent brilliance, but this is because Sirius is relatively so near to us, only 8½ light-years distant as compared with 650 of Canopus.

Another great sun of Argo is Epsilon in the Carina section. This, from a distance of 325 light-years, appears as a star of second magnitude but nevertheless radiates 1750 times more light and heat than our Sun. Another giant is Theta, which, although appearing of only third magnitude on account of its great distance of 470 light-years, yet



The chief stars of Argo, the Ship.

radiates 1100 times more light and heat than our Sun.

Zeta in the Puppis section of the Ship appears of second magnitude and is about 800 light-years distant. It must therefore radiate about 6700 times more light than our Sun to appear so bright from such a distance.

Eta is one of the chief marvels of this marvellous constellation. At one time it exceeded Canopus in brilliance, but cannot be even seen now with the naked eye. Yet a century ago it was of first magnitude. It had grown in brilliance year by year until by 1843 it was almost equal to Sirius in apparent brilliance, though actually it was many thousands of times brighter. Eta continued thus until 1856, when its glory began to fade until by 1867 it had vanished from view and dwindled to almost eighth magnitude. This stellar outburst was one of the most protracted and colossal known; moreover, Eta now appears to be in the midst of a vast nebula and to possess elements at present unknown. G. F. M.

THE VICAR AND HIS PETROL

A country vicar recently applied by letter for a supplementary petrol ration, and as a reason wrote on his application form a few words from the Bible, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel."

But the vicar had not bargained for another Bible scholar. In a few days he learnt that his application had failed, and written neatly across the form were the Bible words, "And I saddled me an ass."

BEDTIME CORNER

The Peacemaker

TONY and Donald were arguing; and Beryl, Tony's young sister, was listening. Tony said he would do whatever he wanted to, but Donald said he would prevent him. Tony began to do what he had it in his mind to do, and (quite unintentionally) brushed against Donald. Donald was annoyed, and deliberately pushed Tony aside. Then the fight was on.

Beryl looked on for a moment or so, and wondered why two cousins should wish to fight. Then, without saying a word, she walked away and went indoors. She went up to Tony's bedroom, dragged a chair to the wall, clambered on to it, and reached down a picture. Tony had often told her it was his favourite. With the picture under her arm she made her way downstairs again, and was about to go out into the garden when her father called out, "Beryl, whatever are you doing with that picture?"

"It's all right, Daddie," she said. "Tony and Donald are fighting."

"But what are you doing with that picture?" he asked.

"I'm going to stop them," she replied confidently.

"But what do you want with the picture?" demanded her father again.

"I'm going to hold it where Tony can see it," said Beryl.

Father didn't say another word, and Beryl went over to



where Tony and Donald were still at it. She held the picture high above her head, and made sure that Tony saw it. It was a copy of Harold Copping's drawing of the head and shoulders of Jesus.

Presently, all smiles, Beryl came back with Tony and Donald, all holding hands.

Has Shop Courtesy Been Rationed?

It was in one of those neat and busy little cafés owned by an Italian that a friend of the C.N. witnessed a curious but not uncommon scene the other day.

A man was making a purchase at the counter. He was not quite sure about what he was buying, and quite civilly asked some particulars about it. The Italian woman looked up and said in a rather impudent tone, "Why are you talking so much? Look for what you want. It is all marked."

If she thought that that ended the matter she was mistaken. "What do you mean by talking like that to me?" demanded the customer. "Do you think you are doing a favour by serving me? Take your goods back." And he left the shop in a fury, without making his purchase.

The proprietor of the shop, who was standing close by, did not seem too pleased with what had happened. He said nothing, but he gave the girl a sour look, as well he might.

An Unpleasant Fashion

Assuming that a British shopkeeper were still permitted to trade in Italy, it is not very likely that he would be permitted to treat his customers with impudence and discourtesy, even if he wished to do so. A Fascist official or a police carabinieri would soon deal with that sort of thing.

However, we must not think that foreigners are the sole offenders in this field. Indeed, before the war, the Italians who own so many of the small cafés were well enough liked. They worked hard, they cooked well, they gave good service and measure, and they were friendly and affable folk.

Many of them were born here, or came as children. Some served with our armies in the last war and have sons now serving.

When Italy entered the war two years ago, numbers of these Italians were locked up and sent to internment camps. A few openly expressed their long-concealed jealousy and hatred of the country which had given them equal rights with its own citizens, and kindness all their lives; others were sad to go, having no animosity against us. But there were many who were not interfered with at all, and some of these have evidently caught the

infection which has spread so widely of late among certain kinds of shopkeepers in this country.

Again and again one hears the same remark, "You'd almost believe they like telling you in that shop that they haven't got what we ask for."

This is quite true. Too many shopkeepers do behave in this unpleasant fashion. Others, like our Italian example, evidently think that because goods are short purchasers must be made to feel that they are privileged to buy, and that civility is overweight. Surely, however, we can leave that sort of thing to Fascists and Nazis.

Our way of behaving is, we hope, very different. We may be a nation of shopkeepers, but there is no reason why we should be surly shopkeepers. Of recent years there had been a beneficial change in this respect, and it would be a pity if we were to send the pendulum swinging back because there is a war on.

A Good Example

The Victorian tradesman was only too often obsequious to the rich and insolent to the poor. One man who altered that was Gordon Selfridge, the American who opened shop in Oxford Street in 1909 with a new outlook towards the shopper. He is an old man now, retired, and no longer the public figure he was, but we should not forget that he brought a new courtesy to London's shops, for his example, seen to be very good for trade, was swiftly and widely copied.

Mr Selfridge brought a new service to our shops and made the customer a friend. Far too many petty shopkeepers today (and not petty ones alone) appear to think that courtesy has been rationed with other goods.



The Handy Girls

Before they can begin cooking these Rangers must build their oven. They are laying bricks to construct an emergency field kitchen.

RABBIT-PROOF PLANTS

Few people are aware how many garden plants are rabbit-proof, and when it is impossible to establish a proper wire-netting fence the knowledge is useful.

There are some hedge plants which are effective enough. Rabbits will not eat rhododendrons and the common ponticum variety makes a lovely hedge, short or tall. Other useful rabbit-proof hedge plants are berberis, hawthorn, dog-wood, and snowberry. Among flowering shrubs are the lovely spiraea of which there are so many, the guelder-rose, the deutzia, the philadelphas, and the currants, including the flowering currant. Lilac, too, is proof, and makes an interesting hedge. Rabbits do not like brambles, and the primrose and polyanthus go scot free.

Trees can be safeguarded by encircling the bark with wire-netting. Fruit trees are a gift for the rabbits unless protected.

New Land and More Food For Old England

Up from Somerset comes another chapter in the story of that county's struggle to reclaim marshland, a story going back to the Roman conquest.

The latest news is of reclamation in the valley of the River Brue, work which was begun by the Somerset Rivers Catchment Board two years ago, and is now nearly finished. Over 45,000 acres are involved, thousands of them liable to constant flooding, but soon the waters from these marshes will be pumped into a new river by four pumps which can discharge 1100 tons of water a minute.

The new river stretches from the edge of the marshes to the coast five miles away, and is 200 feet wide; in its making seven million tons of peat and clay were involved. It is a gigantic and complicated scheme involving the construction of various sluices and bridges, and it is good to know that the works of peace still go on.

Cavalcade of White Horses

Now that drastic rationing of petrol is in force, the horse is once more coming into his own, and country lanes (and even city streets) echo again with the clipper-clop of hooves. We are reminded of those other horses which, cars or no cars, have never vanished from the English scene, the White Horses on the Green Hills. There are several of them cut out on the chalk downs, and we tell their story here because we were amazed to see the other day a surprising expression of ignorance concerning them.

*Before the gods that made the gods,
Had seen their sunrise pass
The White Horse of the White Horse Vale
Was cut out of the grass.*

So G. K. Chesterton began his long ballad on King Alfred's triumph over the Danes, and his horse, of course, is the most famous of all the white horses cut in the green hills of England, the one at Uffington, in Berkshire. There on the side of a steep hill it stands, its odd archaic outline formed by trenches in the chalk, a strange, barbaric giant 355 feet long, ageless as the hills about it, and immortal as the legends of King Alfred woven round it.

A Challenging Spectacle

But there are other white horses in this ancient Britain of ours, which, though neither ageless nor immortal, are yet invested with an air of mystery. Cut in the short grass of chalk downs they are a challenging spectacle, and the beholder rightly asks himself what fascination there was in the idea of the white horse that so appealed to our forgotten forefathers?

After the Uffington horse the most famous is the white horse of Westbury, 175 feet long, on Bratton Hill; but this, alas, is of poor pedigree, for it was cut in 1778 to replace another figure which was said to commemorate Alfred's victory over the Danes, and was destroyed by a misguided steward of Lord Abingdon.

Wiltshire, with its smooth and lonely chalk downs, is pre-eminently the county of the white horse, for, including the one at Westbury, it can muster a team of six. The best of them is at Cherhill, 130 feet long, cut in 1780 to the orders of a Calne physician, Dr Christopher Alsop, who stood a mile away on a hill called Labour-in-vain, bellowing his instructions through a speaking trumpet to men who were outlining his horse with flags.

The Farmer's Horse

The next figure in our cavalcade is the horse cut in 1804 at Marlborough by the pupils at Mr Greazeley's private school. It is a spirited animal, 62 feet long, stepping it out as lively as the schoolboys. In 1812, Mr Robert Pile, a farmer of Alton Barnes, not to be outdone either by shouting physicians or noisy schoolboys, decided that the Vale of Pewsey should have a white horse to rival theirs, and paid a journeyman painter £20 to make him one. The painter marked out the horse, set men cutting it, and then disappeared with the money, so the farmer's horse cost him still more. But it is a fine monument to him still, 167 feet long.

The last two of Wiltshire's six white horses are at Broad Hinton and Wootton Bassett, 19th century colts both. The one at Wootton Bassett was the pet of another farmer, but Broad Hin-

ton's was the work of a parish clerk turned horse-fancier, in 1835. It is 90 feet long and just as broad, as wooden as the Horse of Troy, as stiff as any in the Bayeux Tapestry.

Dorset boasts the only white horse with a rider, a regular thoroughbred mounted by George the Third; it is near Weymouth and was cut by a soldier while the king was staying there.

It is fitting that Yorkshire should have the biggest of all our white horses, a young giant at Kilburn, near Thirsk. This was cut by a native of the village who went south, but on a return visit to his birthplace, in 1857, decided that his old neighbours should have something to remember him by. There to this day the Kilburn horse stands, grazing eternally on the Hambleton Hills, a landmark for miles around, 314 feet long and 228 feet high, its eye big enough for 20 people to sit on.

Mystery on the Hills

Such, then, are the old white horses of England. At their significance we can only guess. They may be merely a reflection of man's age-old love for his faithful friend. They are more likely sprung, however, from some deep well of faith or superstition, but all we know is that there is some magic in the idea—that an air of indefinable romance surrounds the old white horses on the old green hills, far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife.

SWEETENS CHILD'S SOUR STOMACH IN FIVE MINUTES

Mother! You'll be positively amazed how quickly a little 'Milk of Magnesia' sweetens a stomach made sour and sick by too much rich food. 'Milk of Magnesia' overcomes the sour acidity the moment it reaches the stomach. That sick, ill feeling quickly passes away and in no time the little one is as lively as a cricket. Then 'Milk of Magnesia' moves the bowels and relieves the system of the offending bile and undigested food which have made the child ill. At the first sign of sickness just give 'Milk of Magnesia' and nip the attack in the bud. Get 'Milk of Magnesia' today and have it handy. 1/5 and 2/10 (treble quantity). *Including Purchase Tax.* Also 'Milk of Magnesia' brand Tablets, 7d., 1/11, 2/3 and 3/11. (Including Purchase Tax.) Obtainable everywhere. Be quite sure it is 'Milk of Magnesia.'

'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.

YOUNG ENGLAND

For over fifty years we have striven to improve the lot and character of the boys and girls in the East End. It has always been our determination that our Youth Movement shall be fundamentally Christian, and while physical training has a prominent part in our clubs, spiritual and cultural training constitute our first consideration. Will you please take a share?

R.S.V.P. The Rev. PERCY INSON, (Sept.), THE EAST END MISSION, (Founded 1883), Bromley Street, Commercial Road, Stepney, E.1.

Hudsons Across the Centuries

A PROUD little Norwegian ship was making its way in the Atlantic when, suddenly, out from the blue came a Nazi plane. It dropped its bombs and the little ship was sunk, taking ten of its crew of twenty to the bottom with it.

The others escaped on rafts and in a lifeboat, but they were hundreds of miles from land. Imagine their feelings when, many hours later, another plane was seen approaching. Any fears the men may have had were soon dispelled, however, for the plane was a Hudson of the R.A.F. Coastal Command. In the course of their normal patrol duty the Hudson's crew had seen two rafts, with six men on one and two on the other, and a water-logged lifeboat with two men in it.

Emergency rations, life-jackets, a bottle of water, and torches, were dropped to the shipwrecked mariners, and the Hudson's wireless flashed messages to the base giving the position. Out came

other Hudsons and Sunderland flying-boats to keep watch, and when the second Hudson found the men the pilot saw that the two rafts had been lashed together and the ten men shared them. The lifeboat had disappeared.

Just as daylight was fading the Hudson made contact with a trawler about 15 miles away. Lamp signals were sent, and the trawler changed its course and made for the rafts. When the trawler was still four miles away, however, the Hudson was compelled to leave because of the danger of petrol shortage. But the trawler men had received very accurate instructions and they located the rafts and rescued the men before midnight.

There is drama in the name of the rescue plane when we remember the fate of that grand old mariner, Henry Hudson, who, 331 years ago, was turned adrift in a little boat to die by mutinous members of his crew.

BRAN TUB

HOPELESS

AUNTIE (who has been trying hard to understand what the game is all about): Yes, but what happens if the bowler gets out before the batter?

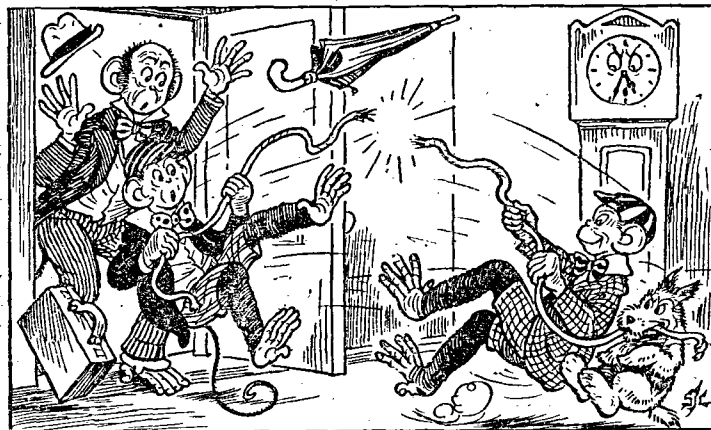
Do You Live in Derbyshire?

DERBYSHIRE is the shire, or county, of Derby, a word that means beast's dwelling. It comes from an old English word for a beast, and no doubt at one time this part of the country was the haunt of wild animals.

Out

IRISH Innkeeper: Where's Biddy? Out, d'ye say? Bad luck to her! She goes out twenty times for once that she comes in!

A Surprise For Father Jacko



FIRST make sure of your rope is a maxim which Jacko and Chimp are likely to remember before indulging in another tug-of-war. For one day they were having a contest in the hall, with Bouncer lending a hand (or, more correctly, his teeth) on Chimp's side, when suddenly the rope broke. And the tragedy of it was that Father Jacko should have chosen that very moment to open the door. As usual, the last act was with father!

Both Right

THE poet and the naturalist Differ in ways absurd. One says, "The bird is on the wing." The other answers, "No such thing! The wing is on the bird."

Proverbs About Patience

EVERYTHING comes to him who waits. He hasteth well that wisely can abide. He that can have patience can have what he will. If today will not, tomorrow may. Patience is a virtue. Patience wears out stones. Patient waiters are no losers.

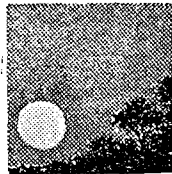
BUYING BOOKS

MAURICE came home the other evening with three new books under his arm. "How much did they cost?" asked his sister Joan. "I have bought a book of travel, a biography, and a novel," explained Maurice. "The first one cost as much as the other two together. If I had bought an extra copy of the novel I should have paid £2 7s 6d. If I had bought an extra copy of the biography I should have paid £2 12s 6d."

How much did each book cost?
Answer next week

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the evening the planet Mars is low in the west. In the morning Venus and Saturn are in the east. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen half an hour before midnight on Sunday, June 28.



Reliable

Is this train generally punctual? Yes, sir, generally a quarter of an hour late to the minute!

ENIGMA

NINE letters need I to my name express And the words it contains are for you to guess. All people from me some use may derive If only for a parcel or a 396 and 5. Knowledge, amusement, and instruction too. Pictures and letters you will find in me 482. 3645 is an insect with a sting; 3981 a twittering song can sing; In kitchen 76 and 1 are found; A lion lays my 563 upon the ground; Now tell me what I am and for your pains Receive me daily by the early trains.
Answer next week

Cross Word Puzzle

Reading Across. 1 Doorkeeper. 8 One who gives. 10 Slight. 12 Pointed stake used in fencing. 14 Flower leaf. 16 Edict or decree. 17 Exclamation denoting surprise. 18 To put on. 20 Right (abbrev.). 21 Deadly viper. 23 Narrow passage between mountains. 25 Spring from the ground. 27 Row. 28 Pleased. 30 Meagre.

Reading Down. 2 Horizontal passage into a mine. 3 Wanderer. 4 Within. 5 Summit. 6 Spoken, not written. 7 Mineral pitch. 9 Belonging to or resembling a popular alloy. 11 Contract for the letting of property. 13 Big. 15 Bulky piece of timber. 19 Celebrated. 22 Become insipid. 24 Travel on a horse. 26 Mass of mixed printer's type. 29 Say these two letters and you name a pepper.

Answer next week

MORSEL

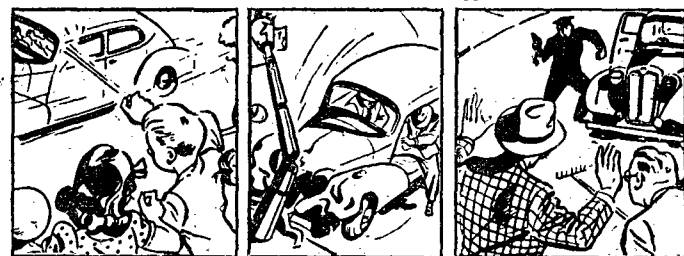
SAID an ostrich while eating a shoe: "One's enough, but I think I'll take two. It's the nails, don't you see, That appeal so to me, For they tickle one's palate, they do!"

POLITENESS

AT a party a lady had been playing the piano for some time. She stopped at last and turned to an absentminded man. "I have been told that you love good music," she said. "Oh, that doesn't matter!" he replied. "Please go on."



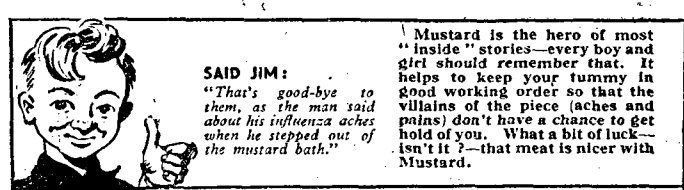
The Three Mustardeers, Roger, Jim and Mary, were watering the garden when—crack, crack, crack—they heard shots in the distance.



Idea! Roger snatched up the garden hose and took careful aim with the powerful jet... right through the car door into the face of the driver. Surprised—blinded—the driver lost his grip of the wheel, and the car tore across the road to crash, head-on, into a lamp-post. Two men jumped out. Jim flung a garden rake towards them. They got to their feet, but— "Hands up!" yelled the Inspector from the police car.



Quickly the men were handcuffed and whisked into the police car. "Are they catch-as-catch-can?" asked Mary. "She means smash-and-grabbers, Inspector," said Roger. "Much more dangerous," said the Inspector, "you've done a bit of good work for your country. I'd like your names and addresses." Two days later a Very Important Man called and thanked them. And The Three Mustardeers glowed with pride as they learned that the two men that they had so cleverly helped to catch were dangerous Nazi agents—caught, red-handed.



SAID JIM: "That's good-bye to them, as the man said about his influenza aches when he stepped out of the mustard bath." Mustard is the hero of most "inside" stories—every boy and girl should remember that. It helps to keep your tummy in good working order so that the villains of the piece (aches and pains) don't have a chance to get hold of you. What a bit of luck— isn't it?—that meat is nicer with Mustard.

COLMAN'S MUSTARD

EVERYBODY HELPING EVERYBODY

Boy. How are we, when the war is over, to get back our export trade and so find the means to import the enormous quantity of goods we need from overseas?

Man. You could ask no more necessary question. We have already talked about building up trade at home, and I have reminded you that we must have a flood of imports to work on. Our little island is very fortunate in possessing coal, but for the rest we cannot feed and clothe ourselves without cargoes from abroad. Even the new trades demand foreign materials.

The growth of the artificial silk industry is a case in point. It flourishes upon the abundant importation of cellulose, either of wood or other organic material. The war reminds us that splendid new industries hang on such things as rubber, and suddenly we find ourselves lacking rubber.

Boy. I suppose it is true that we do not need to export unless to gain value in exchange in imports?

Man. That is so, and if we clearly realise the fact we see external trade as a matter of mutual benefit. If the world had remained at peace in a scientific age it would have grown wealthy because composed of an enormous number of people busily serving each other. What it did in fact was to carry the language of war into business affairs, and so we got such terms as "trade war," "fighting tariffs," and so on.

The Boy Talks With the Man

uttered freely by people who absurdly imagined that men could grow rich by hurting each other. We need, not poor neighbours, but rich ones.

Boy. How many people are there in the world?

Man. It is not known just now, but the number may be taken as about 2250 millions. Their duty to each other is plain. It is to adopt the universal policy of helpfulness in the true scientific spirit. The true scientist is a man who puts his knowledge at the disposal of all others. He would be ashamed to treat his discoveries and his specially acquired knowledge as things to be bought and sold. Thus Madame Curie, discoverer of radium, refused to sell her knowledge and gave it freely to all people, thus gaining a fortune of respect and devotion which no money could buy, and leaving an imperishable name.

Are we to believe that forever a nation which has an abundance of a natural gift should withhold it from the world and see other peoples languishing for lack of it? We have learned in war not to accept that conception. We see America passing from mere bargaining to a position of practical helpfulness to her allies, laying her enormous resources at the disposal of other nations. If we can succeed in translating that spirit into the processes of trade, then

we shall have a picture of over two thousand million people helping each other.

Boy. But at present the two thousand millions are divided up into separate States, and not a few of them are badly off for land and materials! How is any great change to be brought about?

Man. Without goodwill the thing would be impossible, and we can only hope the misery of this war will induce men to accept the principles of the Atlantic Charter, which sets out as an essential thing that "all States great or small, victor or vanquished" must have "access on equal terms to the trade and raw materials of the world which are needed for their economic prosperity." Thus, it is declared, all men are to obtain "freedom from fear and want." We must not allow ourselves to believe that such hopes are impossible. The thing cannot be done in a day, but the pursuit of a real peace must go on unceasingly if we are to arrive at a world in which all men possess economic freedom, with their affairs planned for mutual service.

Boy. I suppose that while we are working towards the ideal there is nothing to prevent us seeking trade and doing our best as ideas take hold?

Man. We need not wait in seeking overseas orders by every honest means, and by bringing science and art to the aid of manufacturing. There is always room at the top.